

# THE DAILY STAR.

TUESDAY, MAY 11  
LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

THE BARONESS COUTTS proposes to organize a S. P. C. A. in London. If she wants our Bergt, we'll try and spare him a few years.

We notified Secretary Bristow some time ago of the danger of catching some-boddy, if he persisted in looking into the dealings of Chicago and St. Louis distilleries with the Government.

THE Cincinnati Musical Festival, the greatest undertaking of the kind ever attempted in America, commences this evening. Everything has been done that human foresight could suggest, and the management now only ask that the audience be in place before the hour of commencing. The doors will be open at 8:30 and Mr. Thomas specially requests that all be seated in the hour thus allowed. The request is one so reasonable in itself and so proper on this occasion that we feel sure Cincinnati people will take a pride in showing how fully they can comply with it.

COLONEL D. K. ANTHONY, shot last night in Leavenworth, was a man of some prominence, and has figured in little incidents of the kind before. About the year 1880, while editor of the Republican paper in Leavenworth, he shot and instantly killed one Satterlee, a Democratic editor, for matter which the latter had published about him. He is a native of Rochester, New York, is a brother of Susan B. Anthony, and it was to him that Susan first told the story of Mrs. Tilton that has since been so widely scattered. Anthony attained quite a prominent position as a Western politician. He was at one time Mayor of Leavenworth, and has held several lucrative government positions under the present administration.

WHOMEVER has undertaken to compel the ladies to remove their hats at the festival concerts has taken a big contract on his hands. People have bought their tickets unconditionally by what they shall wear, and they will so use them, as they ought. It is well enough for ladies who so choose, to go without their hats, but they will be the minority. It would necessitate carriages for those who can not afford them, and in many instances be absolutely impracticable. If there is any defect in the arrangement of the hall it should have been remedied. We are confident, however, that there is none; although the audience floor is on a level, that for the singers and orchestra is not, and there is no difficulty in having a full view of them from all parts of the house. So let the dear ones wear their hats and bonnets if they wish. Why, don't you know that most of them have gone and bought their summer hats in advance of the time they want them expressly for this occasion? And who would be the hard-hearted wretch to deny them the pleasure of wearing them? Ah! better, a thousand times better, that one dwarf should far to see, than that hundreds of tender hearts should be sorrowed. Ladies, wear your "loves of bonnets" if you please. Cincinnati milliners have the best taste of any in the world, and to be permitted to look at an array of their most artistic conceptions adorning fair wearers, only adds to the enjoyment of any who have music in their souls. So there!

## THE WORLD'S OBLIGATION TO FROGS.

The poor frog, that croaking disturber of the sleep of indolent and nervous people, has been again invoked in aid of science, civilization and progress. Dr. Hammond lately gave a lecture before the Neurological Society to show that the brain is not the sole organ of the mind, but, on the contrary, perception and volition are seated in the spinal column. If this theory is true it will give special force to the popular notion of "backbone" in reference to a man's firmness, boldness, energy and independence of spirit.

Dr. Hammond resorted to the Rana genus of animated nature for facts with which to support his theory. How many poor frogs have had their brains excavated by this Ex-Surgeon General, for the enlightenment of the world, can only be told, alas, by the bereaved tadpoles whose orphan sorrows should have dolored pith from the moment of their evolution into conscious frogs.

Formerly those croakers of the night were compelled to yield up their lower limbs to the disinterested devotees of science. And what has been the grand result of the convulsive frog-legs that fixed the attention of Galvani while they hung along the iron balcony of his house near the University of Bologna in 1780?

The frog gave to the middle of the nineteenth century the great ocean cable, by which the nations speak together as if face to face, and the vast lines of wire, the nerve fibres of humanity, along which flows with the rapidity of thought to every one who reads or listens, whatever of importance that is said or spoken in any part of the civilized world. It is said by those who know that the knowledge which man has acquired by experimenting with the legs of the frog is of an importance that can be compared only with the printing press and the steam engine.

protracted, and his experiments were varied in a thousand ways. What a slaughter of frogs! At last after fruit less watching for a long day with a brass rod in his hand connected with the muscles of the frog, he chanced, listlessly, to rub the end of his brass wire against the iron railing, when to his supreme delight, the frog's legs were convulsed! To triumph! was the shout of the scientific enthusiast.

But he was too much wedded to his theory to reach the important results of his experiments. It was imagined by his contemporaries that a flood of light was now thrown upon the mysterious principle of life. Galvani published an account of his discoveries in 1791, and within a year all the boys of Europe were hunting frogs for the use of the wise men, as well as for the gourmands. Alexander Volta, of the University of Paria, followed up these experiments with the greatest success. Galvani held that the electricity originated in the animal, but Volta proved that it originated in the contact of dissimilar metals. The warmest controversy that science has known followed for six years, and until the death of Galvani in 1798. From Volta sprang the voltaic pile, or, as we now call it, the voltaic battery.

But Volta, though he pursued the investigation for thirty years, was unable, by reason of the erroneous doctrine he defended, to realize how great a boon he had been instrumental in conferring upon mankind.

The experiments of these pioneers in electrical science enabled subsequent investigators like Oessted, Seebeck, Arago, Ampere, Faraday and Henry, to perfect this branch of science, and such inventors as Steinheil, Wheatstone, Morse and Thompson, to produce ingenious instruments and appliances by which great practical results have been realized. How grateful mankind should feel to the frog for what he has done for civilization! But for him the telegraph and many other great inventions would still be in the distant future.

And now we have Dr. Hammond drawing upon his frogship for proof that the human mind is situated in the spinal cord as well as in the brain. If he succeed, the spinal column will be elevated to that supreme importance which the brain has hitherto monopolized. The two cities just now most interested in brains are Chicago and St. Louis. The former feels flattered by the late observation of Wendell Phillips that Chicago was fifty years ahead of St. Louis, because she had brains while the city of the Mississippi had not. Of course Wendell is held to be a very great man in Chicago, while St. Louis says that he is "crack-brained and addled-headed." St. Louis has our sympathy. Perhaps the light which Dr. Hammond's frogs are throwing on the spinal cord will give her some comfort.

A most horrible accident occurred at Potsdam last Friday. Messrs. Corank & Buslow have a wind grist mill there. On Friday of last week, the windmill became unmanageable by reason of a high wind. A number of men were gathered about, and four of them went up into the tower supporting the windmill, to endeavor to turn the machinery so as to throw the sails into the wind. The party was headed by Wm. A. McCarran, a very athletic young man of about twenty-seven years, who worked at a blacksmith shop at Potsdam. The others who went with him were John Harit, August Trudup and Henry Peters. On going to the top of the tower the men were crowded into a very small space on a platform about three feet wide, and McCarran, standing on a timber and in a cramped position, thrust a crowbar into the machinery, which was running at a fearful rate, to stop it; but the motion of the machinery threw him off his balance, and his foot slipped under a large cog-wheel. As he fell himself drawn into the machinery, he cried out, "Boys, save me; I'm caught!" and a couple of the men standing by caught him by the legs and body and tried to draw him out. They held on to him until he was drawn in nearly up to his shoulders, when finding they could not help him, but in great danger of being themselves drawn in, they let go, and one of them, Henry Peters, jumped a distance of twenty feet to the landing below in the tower. He was bruised, but not seriously hurt. Poor McCarran's last words were those given above; he is thought to have died almost at once after rapidly drawing in. His body was rapidly drawn in and passed through a space of not more than two inches in width, between the wheel and a timber, crushing it into a pulp of quivering, bleeding flesh, held together by the torn clothing, and hanging from the timbers in a horrid, suspicious mass. The arms and part of one of the legs were not so thoroughly crushed, but were badly torn and mangled by the cogs. The whole body was passed through in this way, clear to the head, which was stopped by a crow bar that had been left in the wheel by one of the men. The head was afterwards severed from the body with a knife, in order to extricate it. All this we are told, took place within two or three minutes. The tower was dripping with blood. The horrified men attempted to stop the mill by crowding grain into the stones, but had to abandon the effort, and after a few hours it in some way stopped itself.

When Benjamin Franklin was a lad, he began to study natural philosophy and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening when he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some marine ascaphorus mollusks, the old man was much alarmed, and suddenly seeing him called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with some warm water, and the nerved man rushed in with a garden pump. They forced half a gallon of water down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny, he will be pizened, sure?" When they were out and Benjamin explained that the articles alluded to were merely oysters, his father fondled him for half an hour with a trunk strap for scoring the family tradition adds that ever afterward Franklin's language was marvelously simple and explicit.

In the four years 1870, 1871, 1872 this country exported \$9,049,955 worth of machinery, \$300,114 worth of metal; in the four years 1883, 1884, 1885, no machinery or metal was exported. During the former period we also exported \$17,725 worth of woolen goods; during the latter period none.

## MOUNT TABOR.

On Tabor's height a glory came, And, shrined in clouds of lambent flame, The awe-struck, hushed disciples saw Christ and the prophets of the law; Moses, grand and awful face Of Sinai's thunder bore the trace, The shade of Israel's prophet, Stood in that vast mysterious light From Syrian mounds more purely bright, One on each hand and high between Shone forth the God-like Nazarine. They bowed their heads in holy fright, No mortal eyes could bear the sight. And when they looked again, behold! The fiery clouds had backward rolled, And borne aloft in grandeur lonely, Nothing was left "save Jesus only." Resplendent type things to be! We read its mystery to-day With clearer eyes than even they, The flasher signs of Galilee. We see the Christ stand out between The ancient law and faith serene, Spirit and letter—but above Spirit and letter both is Love; Led by the hand of Jacob's God Through wastes of old a path was trod By which the savage world was won Upward through law and faith to love. The crowning revelation came. The old world knelt in homage due, The prophets and the law were drawn, Led to the light by the new flame And love was born on Tabor hill. So now, while creeds perplex the mind And wranglings lead the weary mind, We stand on the air-blasted rock, And texts that ring like clashing anvils, Still, as for refuge, we may turn Where Tabor's shining glories burn— To that of ancient faith and love And nothing left but Christ alone.

## How She Was Revenged.

Kate Murray was only a teacher—only a teacher in Madame Morrell's French and English Day and Boarding-school, at a salary so meagre that she sometimes wondered how she managed to live upon it at all. But nevertheless, live she did, and kept up a pretty decent appearance, too, by dint of a well-chosen dress, a well-kept hair, and a skillful trimmer after the fashion of those she saw in the Broadway milliner's window; and, as was natural enough in a woman, Miss Murray looked forward to marriage as the only escape from this life of drudgery.

"For I'm tired of it all," Miss Murray said to herself, "French verbs, Thursday compositions, German exercises, and drawings in crayon and water colors. I don't think it is ever my vocation to teach the young idea how to shoot. I'd a great deal rather go out to housework, if it was only genteel!"

"Miss Murray was what the world calls a 'very good girl'—tall and rosy, with deep blue-brown eyes, chestnut hair, slightly rippled, as if stirred by some invisible breeze, and a healthy English complexion, like a rose in full bloom. She had a sort of stately grace in her movements that made even her turned dress and dyed gloves look stylish; and altogether her name, Miss Murray, was a pleasant one in Mrs. Leatherwing's boarding-house.

"I really think you've made a conquest of him, dear," said Mrs. Leatherwing, a lady who had been very pretty once, and still kept up the illusion with pearl powder, false curls and a touch of rouge.

"Nonsense!" said Kate, with her eyes shining and her cheeks very pink. "But just look at the common sense of the thing!" persisted the landlady. "Bouquets every day; invitations to the opera, whenever there's anything worth hearing; new kid gloves; all the latest novels. Of course he means something serious, Miss Kate, and I'm glad of it, for you've got a nice income, and isn't it, for a young lady, and its really time he thought of settling himself. I hope, Miss Katherine, when you're married to him, you won't be too proud to notice your old friends."

"I shall always be grateful to you for your kindness, Mrs. Leatherwing, whatever life in life may await me," said Kate, flinging her arms around the good-natured landlady's waist and kissing her heartily.

In fact it had become, as far as appearances went, quite a foregone conclusion, Kate was a sensible girl, not apt to fly off at a tangent, nor to be misled by the most obvious concatenation of circumstances; and Kate really believed that Mr. Appleton Arkwright "meant something."

"But I wonder why he doesn't propose?" Kate asked herself one night, as she was musing, in her little, free room, after an evening among the Italian lakes and swiss aunts and aunts. "Designs," she was kneeling at the window looking at the three little stars she could just see, between the *cheminée de frise* of chimney pots, with her pretty pink nostrils buried in a bouquet of cream-colored roses, edged with white carnations. "I thought surely he was going to, when he squeezed my hand so, and the carriage, coming home! Oh, how happy I was when—"

And then, blushing and dimpling all over, Kate extinguished her wretched kerosene lamp, and went to bed. And all through her dreams went one refrain—

"He loves me! He loves me!"

For it is only once in a lifetime that one can be eighteen and in love!

"Mrs. Hayes, who would have thought of meeting you?"

"Kate Murray, is it yourself, or a pink-checked waif, or a May? Well, I don't know, but I'm delighted to meet you! Where are you staying now? I am only in town a few days, but I must see something of you."

Kate gave her address, with a beaming face. It was seldom she encountered an old school-friend like Nina Hayes. "Seventeen Domino Place, New York," was the curious coincidence! "I cried Mrs. Hayes. 'Then, of course, you know Appleton Arkwright?'"

As usual, although her heart felt cold and dead within her, like a lump of ice, and the whole world seemed changed. But when she got home, she went straight to her desk, took out a certain little journal, gilt-edged, and tied with ribbon, in whose pages she had written out, her heart beating, the words she had heard the one word, "Flirt," underneath the last entry, and tearing it into a score of pieces, opened the window and flung it out to the keen February air, like a flock of fluttering doves.

"And now for my revenge," said Kate, quietly, to herself. "Mr. Appleton Arkwright shall discover that I have not forgotten the old devotee little attentions he has shown me of late. He shall learn, also, the truth of the good old rhyme:

"It is well to be merry and wise; It is well to be honest and true; It is well to be off with the old, before you are on with the new!"

Mrs. Hayes had spoken the truth when she said that Patience Eldridge was not pretty. She was a dark little woman, with black tresses, and great, watchful eyes—a girl with a face that interested you like an unread novel, but had none of the Hebe bloom and freshness which attract the masculine mind as a general thing. She was by the table in her prettily furnished private parlors, at the Moreland House, looking at some rare cameos which had been sent in for inspection by a famous jewelry-house, while Mrs. Hayes eagerly expressed her opinions, and Mr. Arkwright, bending in a true lover-like attitude over the little bride-elect, awaited her decision.

"For I know, love," he said, "that your artistic taste is simply perfect." Patience smiled and colored, and her dark eyes flashed into positive beauty for the moment. It is passing away to hear flattering words from one we love.

At this instant there was a tap at the door. "Oh," said Mrs. Hayes, with a knowing little nod, "it's my other guest! An old school-friend of mine, Patience, dear, a friend and acquaintance of yours, Mr. Arkwright. Come in, Kate! Miss Eldridge"—as the door slowly opened, and a superb girl, in black silk and rose-colored ribbons, sailed in like a queen—"allow me to present Miss Murray. Mr. Arkwright, I don't think you need an introduction. My dear"—to Kate, as Patience rose with a welcoming smile, and Mr. Arkwright turned red and pale in a breath—"who is this servant with a basket? It is some mistake, I think!"

"I am only sorry that I can not return the tender handshakes, the expressive glances, and one kiss, bestowed during a moonlight walk in the park, about six weeks ago."

Mr. Appleton Arkwright was a tall, muscular fellow, lacking not much of the regulation six feet in height, but he positively seemed to shrivel and grow small and commonplace, as he stood there under the scorching fire of Kate Murray's grand eyes.

A cold sweat broke out in beads on his brow. He pulled uneasily at his waxed moustache.

Patience Eldridge turned to her lover. "Is this true?" she asked.

"Mr. Arkwright cleared his throat with an effort."

"I—that is—a young lady has no right to suppose that because—"

"Did you give her these things? Is it true what she says?" reiterated Patience.

"Yes; but—"

Quick as lightning, Miss Eldridge pulled the diamond clasp from the fair finger of her left hand, as if it stung her.

"Take this to bear them company," she said. "I accept no divided homage! As for you, Miss Murray"—turning to Kate—"you have acted like a woman of spirit, and I honor you and respect you for it!"

The male coquet sneaked out of the Moreland House, feeling excessively cheap and small, while Kate and Patience cried in each other's arms, for they both liked him far better than he deserved.

"Never mind, dear," said Kate; "it's like having a tooth out—hard, but wholesome!"

"We shall get over it in time," sobbed Patience; "for of course one can never marry a man whom one despises."

Mr. Appleton Arkwright secured a new boarding-house at once. He did not care again to meet the pretty school-teacher who had turned so unexpectedly upon him. But he had lost his mistress; and Miss Murray was the only consolation he could find in this particular instance she has vindicated her sex.

## Court Cullings.

John Welsker has brought suit against Theodore Schomaker to recover \$10,000 for personal injuries alleged to have been sustained by the negligence of the defendant in directing the removal of a house upon which the plaintiff was at work. The building fell and crushed the leg of the plaintiff. The defense is a denial of negligence. The case is now in progress in the Superior Court.

Fred Parker vs. A. S. Winslow et al. C. DeWitt and wife vs. the same. These cases, in which a temporary restraining order was granted last week, enjoining the Platting Commission from locating streets and recording plats, was called yesterday and laid over until Monday.

Wm. F. Gafford was appointed administrator of the estate of Ellen Linnebeck, deceased; estate \$3,000 in personalty. B. O. M. DeBeck was appointed administrator of the estate of John Kirker, deceased; estate \$500 in personalty. Drausin Wulstein was appointed administrator of the estate of A. M. Kirker, deceased; personalty, \$2,500; realty, \$2,500. Ellen Shendan was appointed administratrix of Elizabeth McDonald, deceased; personalty, \$500; realty, \$2,000. D. W. Thacker was appointed administrator of Jerome A. Fisher, deceased; personalty, \$3,500; realty, \$5,500.

Judge Matson, of the Probate Court, paid into the County Treasury yesterday afternoon \$4,961.61, the net fees of his office for the quarter ending on the 8th inst. Since Judge Matson went into office he has paid into the Treasury \$34,838.71.

The City for the use of Long and Kramer, assigns of Barton & Son brought a suit against David Quinn, Wm. S. Greenback and forty others, to enforce an assessment for the improvement of Browne street, from the old corporation line, about 3,500 feet northwardly. The assessment for the construction of the work was \$7 1/2, and for the construction of a retaining wall, \$2.38. The Court made a finding as to the number of feet held by the various defendants, and the value of the same per front foot, and held the assessment could not be enforced by law to be charged, and that the property owners having been assessed, none are entitled to register on the as-

essment the cost of the curbing and gutter-plating, inasmuch as this part of the work has never been done before. The amount charged for this part of the work is \$1.50 per front foot, which is more than one-quarter the value of these improvements. In order to make the lot chargeable with the assessment they would have to be worth more than \$30 per front foot. The plaintiffs will have to look to the city for the amount not recovered in this suit.

**Real Estate Transfers.**  
Andrew Blinn to Peter Blinn, 35 years' lease of a lot 40 by 75 feet, on which there is a dwelling-house and pottery, on the south side of Hamilton road, between Elm and State streets, at an annual rent of \$450.

S. H. Hensley, trustee, to H. C. Stoma, lot 75 by 30 feet, on the south side of Avoon Place, 674 feet west of Main avenue, in Avoon—\$3,200. Noah Babbs to Sylvester Hamilton, 10 years' lease of 1/2 acre in Section 12, Millbrook township, at an annual rent of \$500.

Jacob Story and wife to Henry Muntel, lot 25 by 110 feet, on the north side of Hamilton road, 115 feet west of Storr street, Twenty-first ward—\$975.

E. A. Moore and wife to John Herrmann, leasehold 18 by 100 feet, on the south side of the lot, between Freeland and Carr streets—\$800.

Henry Klime and wife to Wm. Klime, lot 25 by 60 feet, on the north side of East Kent street, 70 feet east of Wheeler avenue—\$2,000.

J. F. Forbes and wife to Wm. Crapo, 5 years' lease of lot 69, in the grantor's subdivision of Fortville, Twenty-fourth ward, at an annual rent of \$450, with the privilege of purchasing the same for \$25.

Herman Feldkamp to B. H. Kennis, 5 years' lease of No. 143 West Street, at an annual rent of \$200.

Mercy A. Hall to Robert Hoes, perpetual lease of No. 374 West Fourth street, at a yearly rent of \$1,200, with the privilege of purchasing the same for \$10,000.

Octavia P. Shreve and others to R. E. Quinn, lot 20 by 100 feet, on the west side of Mill street, 30 feet south of Fourth street—\$5,000.

John Joseph's New Country, 1/2 acre in Section 14, Lot 2, Section 1, Division C, containing 201 6-10 square feet—\$4.00.

L. A. Black and wife to Josephine Y. Black, half of an acre in Section 12, Columbia township—\$1,000.

Same to Cynthia A. Black, 41-100 of an acre in same section and township—\$500.

Same to Annabella Black, half of an acre in same section—\$500.

Same to Catherine E. Black, half of an acre in same section—\$500.

W. D. Guy to A. Klein & Co., 12 years' lease of a lot 37 by 93 1/2 feet, on the west side of the canal, between Fifteenth and Wade streets, at an annual rent of \$2.00, with the privilege of purchasing the same for \$4,000.

John C. and wife to John Gabel, a triangle lot 37 feet front, on the Colerain pike, in Georgetown—\$500.

Carl Schmitt and wife to J. B. Wolke, 31 1-10 feet of an acre in Section 21, Colerain township—\$1,200.

Anna Munit to E. J. Teepe, lot 106 on the plat of industry—\$175.

Thompson Neave to B. J. Berteling, lot 25 by 125 feet, on the north side of 12th street, 100 feet east of Neave street, Twenty-first ward—\$3,500.

W. C. Benham and wife to Addie B. Moore, 1/2 acre on Main street, in Sharon—\$1,000.

David Jones and wife to W. H. Hill and D. S. Vanpelt, lot 27 by 135 feet on the west side of Rose street, in Sharon—\$300.

W. H. Hill and D. S. Vanpelt to Eliza J. Kinney, same lot—\$350.

W. W. Snodgrass and others to Geo. Reif, lot 43 by 100 feet on the west side of Logan street, 30 feet south of Elder street—\$4,000.

C. L. Williams to G. F. Harker, 10 years' lease of the premises on the northwest corner of Third and Pike streets, at an annual rent of \$100.

## WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—15 BOYS IMMEDIATELY.—Call at this office. my10-11

WANTED—LADIES.—To use Queen of Beauty to remove tan, freckle, pimples, and to smooth the skin. No poison in it. 11

WANTED—TO SUPPLY.—The public with good Photographs and Stereotypes at KELLY'S, 624 Madison street, Covington, Ky. Open every day. ap5-4mo

## DON'T BUY

Bogus Wheeler & Wilson Needles

Genuine Wheeler & Wilson Needles, 50 cents per dozen, a case each, at Company's office, 58 West Fourth street. ap12-11

WANTED—PAINTING.—C. F. Lautenschlager, house and sign painter, works for small prices. Try him. No. 12 W. Sixth street, Covington, Ky. ap5-4mo

WANTED—YOU.—To ask your Grocer to show you some of SNIDER'S new Cakes and Biscuits, of which the following are among the best: viz: ICE CREAM CAKES, COCONUT CAKES, HONEY JUMBLES, CENTENNIAL CAKES, ARROWROOT BISCUITS, SULTANA BISCUITS, MIXED FANCY BISCUITS. my8-S&Tut

WANTED—YOU.—To call at the Globe Shoe Store, 180 Vine street, one door south of Fifth street, opposite the Fountain, and buy custom made boots and shoes at very low prices. ap12-11

WANTED—TO RENT.—An entire floor of THE STAR BUILDING, 207 W. Fourth street. Two fine front rooms, suitable for business or editorial rooms, and a large room in the rear, with the best of light, suitable for a composition room. These rooms present the very best location for a large publishing business. Will be rented with or without power. Press work can be done in the building. Inquire at THE STAR OFFICE. 10-11

## PROFESSIONAL.

### Homeopathic Physicians.

D. B. MORROW, M. D., 247 WEST SEVENTH ST., Cincinnati, O. Office Hours—8 to 10 A. M.; 3 to 4 P. M. Evening, 6 to 8 P. M. ap5-4mo

W. M. OWENS, M. D., 8 W. Cor. Seventh and John Sts. Office Hours—From 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 8 P. M.

Dr. Elmira Y. Howard, (DISEASES OF WOMEN.) No. 123 John street, Cincinnati, O. Office hours, 9 to 12. 10-11

Dr. Kate M. Goss, DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN. No. 213 West Seventh st., near John. Office hours, 9 to 12, and 2 to 4. 10-11

DR. O. W. LOUNSBURY, Residence and Office, S. W. Cor. Seventh and Mount sts. Office Hours—8 to 10 A. M.; 3 to 4 P. M.; 6 to 8 P. M.

F. S. SLOSSON & BRONSON, N. E. Cor. Eighth and Elm Sts. Office Hours—From 7 1/2 to 10 A. M., 1 to 3 and 6 to 8 P. M.

Ophthalmic and Aural Institute, for diseases of the Eye and Ear, corner Mount and Seventh streets. Surgeon in Charge—T. P. WILSON, M. D.

Drs. Bradford & McChesney, 170 West Fourth Street. OFFICE HOURS: FROM 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M. Dr. T. C. Bradford at home from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Dr. A. C. McChesney at home from 1 to 4 p. m. 10-11

### Dentists.

H. M. REID, Dentist, 206 Vine street, three doors above Eighth street.

DR. J. TAFT, Dentist, EDITOR DENTAL REGISTER, 117 West Fourth Street, 10-11 CINCINNATI, O.

W. W. WOODWARD, Dentist, N. O. 114 Sixth Street, bet. Vine and Race Cincinnati, O. 10-11

### Attorneys.

HENRY A. RILEY, Attorney and Counselor at Law, No. 21 Park Row, New York. Collections promptly made in all parts of the East. 10-11

## PRIDE OF BEAUTY.

MADAME DE MARR begs to state that she is now introducing her unequalled preparation for the beautifying of the complexion. This wonderful discovery was first introduced in the reign of Louis XV. by Madame de Manteon, at that time the beauty of Paris. The secret was kept sacred by her, and was revealed to Richard many years after by M. Pauda, a famous French chemist. It has been a secret of the French since for many years, and not until Madame de Manteon introduced it, did it become the rage of London, where it is now extensively used, and at present by Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Chas. Matthews, and many others. It is not a vain pomade, but a lasting and permanent BEAUTIFIER, in no way INJURING THE SKIN, BUT DEEPENING THE TONIC, deepening the face all the FRESHNESS AND VIGOR OF YOUTH. This Pride of Beauty is manufactured only by MADAME DE MARR, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists and Toilette Furnishers. Wholesale and Retail, 202 D. PARK, N. E. Cor. Fourth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. ap12-11, Tu, Th, Sa

## Monuments a Specialty.

AMERICAN GRANITES, IMPORTERS of Scotch Granite Monuments, and Statuary from Italy. FRED WHITE, dell-11 221, 223, 225 and 227 W. Fifth st.

## COME AND SEE

The New and Attractive Goods at the 99 CENT STORE, 80 West Fifth Street, (Formerly Queen City Dollar Store.) ap12-4mo

## EUROPEAN RESTAURANT

—AND— Dining